

## [WHOLE NO. 444]

and asked the beggar, "why she prayed so earnestly for his eyesight," and said, "he was not  
blind as yet." "No, sir," said she, "but if  
ever you should be, you have no place to hang  
your spectacles upon."

Monday, March 24, 1846.

## Wheat Crop in Ohio.

The population of Ohio in 1840 was 1,538,467. The number of bushels of wheat raised in 1840 was 16,571,661. The estimated population in 1844 was 1,834,965. The number of bushels of wheat, as estimated by Mr. Ellsworth, in the same year was 15,969,000.

In 1840, the grand aggregate of wheat shipped on the Ohio Canal was 4,353,382 bushels; in 1844, 3,604,293 bushels.

The population of Ohio increased from 1840 to 1844, in round numbers, three hundred and fifteen thousand; the amount of wheat raised decreased in the same period, nearly one million of bushels. On the supposition that all the wheat shipped on the Ohio Canal was for the purpose of exportation (which is not the fact), the amount of wheat exported on this great highway, decreased about twelve hundred and thirty thousand bushels. The amount exported to Southern ports, in 1844, we have not now the data for accurately estimating, but it was hardly less, we presume, than in 1840.

From all these facts it would appear, that allowing Ellsworth's estimate to be accurate, there was in 1844 no more wheat for consumption in Ohio, than there was in 1840, when her population was three hundred and fifteen thousand less! We should expect of course, that the price of wheat would be far higher in 1844, than in 1840. But what was the fact? During the last six months of the year 1840, the price of wheat at Cincinnati was 35 cents a bushel, while at the same place, during the six months of the year 1844, ending July 1st, the price was but 60 cents, only two cents higher! In four years the consumption had increased 20 per cent., while the price had risen only 31 per cent. We are aware of the contraction of our paper-circulation, and the increased retail value of money—but this fact alone will not account for the phenomenon just noticed. The truth is, we are driven to the conclusion that the estimate of Mr. Ellsworth of the quantity of wheat grown in Ohio in 1844, is entirely too low. The number of bushels raised in 1844 must have been greater than in 1840, else owing to the greatly increased consumption, while exportation had diminished comparatively little, the price of wheat would be much higher than it is.

## American Seamen.

The Eastern papers report a great scarcity of American seamen in our vessels of war and merchant service. The average majority of hands is composed of Englishmen, Swedes, Danes, &c. It is stated that in the London packets, the proportion of native seamen is almost one fourth of the whole number. Mr. Read, from the Naval Committee in Congress, reported that out of 109,000 seamen sailing out of the United States, only 9,000 were Americans; and out of 38,564 shipped from the port of New York, more than 5,000 were born in this country. The Ohio ship of the line on her three years' cruise, had but 182 Americans in a crew of 1000 men.

This is easily explained. Europe is overcrowded with population, and multitudes are fain to follow the sea upon any terms. Precisely the reverse is the case on this side of the Atlantic. The new lands of the West are continually attracting immigration from the seaboard, so that comparatively few are left to engage in seafaring life. The immigrants have fair prospects of becoming landholders, and many of them may expect to grow wealthy. The sailor can scarcely look forward to any thing more than a bare support. Besides—the habit of implicit submission required on ship board is more irksome to the American who is trained from his youth to anything else than habits of subordination, than to the European whose first lesson is, submission to authority.

In relation to the naval service, there is an additional reason for this scarcity of American seamen. It is essentially aristocratic. A poor fellow may be as good a seaman as ever handed sail; enterprising, daring, ambitious; he may grow gray in the service—but, there is little or no chance for his rising. Officers must be gentlemen. No wonder the Constitution was so long detained at the port of Philadelphia for want of fifty able-bodied seamen!

Happily, this scarcity of native seamen is no great evil. The Dane or the Swede or the Dutchman makes his vessel his home and his country, and will cheerfully meet death in its defence. With American officers in command, and a fair proportion of Americans in the crew, our Navy will be just as efficient, as if manned by none but natives.

## Illinois.

The House of Representatives of the Illinois Legislature, by a vote of 64 to 21, has passed a bill, making it a penitentiary offence for any person to advise, harbor, secrete or assist, any fugitive slave, or to extend to him even charity. This is in perfect keeping with the character of a repudiating State. A State that can dishonor itself by repudiating the obligations of common charity, of course will not hold itself bound by pecuniary obligations. The next step on the part of this State should be, to pass a law requiring her citizens to catch and tie, neck and heels, every thing in the shape of a colored man—until such time as an owner may call for him.

## Death of Senator Bates.

Senator Bates of Massachusetts, died at Washington, March 16th, after an illness of two weeks.

## New Hampshire.

Sixty towns are now heard from in N. Hampshire, giving Colby 7,106, Steele 6,779, Bond 2,484. The vote is about equal to one third of the whole vote of the State. The Tribune thinks Steele elected. In all but five of the above towns, the vote for the highest candidate on the Congressional ticket, was Colby of the party; in White 5,182, Democratic 8,971, Woodbury 8,241, Hale 2,378, Liberty 1,873.

## Hysterics.

We learn by the Lawrenceburg Beacon, of the 20th ult., that Captain Whitten, of the steamer Belle of the West, brought tidings the day before, of the loss of a flat boat loaded at Lawrenceburg, about two weeks before. The boat belonged to Messrs. Mason and Porter, of that place, who, with Joseph Daniel, pilot, James Rose and Peter Demos, and another hand, constituted the crew. The captain fell in with it near Plum Point Head, on the Tennessee side. He examined the boat carefully, but could find no bodies. It is conjectured that the crew were all murdered. We hope some light may yet be thrown upon this mysterious circumstance.

**The Withdrawal of Gen. Almonte.** The Administration is resolved not to regard the withdrawal of the Mexican Minister, as indicating a cessation of friendly relations. Col. Butler, of Kentucky, is spoken of as Shannon's successor in Mexico.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.  
The Hindoo Slave.

By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A cloud of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and for a moment, rich colors of Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fire, and the sun, in its full glory, rose in the east, and the world was bathed in light. The Hindoo slave, in his cage of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flung up turrets of amber and soft rose color to the zenith, and at last melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun rose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood boded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and golden buds, and the Brahmin's tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossom beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits, sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budger, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of Benian trees, and with its silken pennants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat, with its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished scales, jeweled crest and neck of scaly gold, sides swelling gently out at the bows, and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together, and forming the stern post. The boat was crowded with a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path bravely through them, leaving long a wake of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl, and its walls with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, and tasselled with silver. Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dyes of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly man, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed, and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hook lay idly between his thin lips, his jeweled neck glittered against his silken vest, and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the clouds, like a cloud of mist, in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robes of crimson and gold were spotted with gold, and were in front, betraying neck of perfect beauty and half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eyes, always calm and full of fire, and her hair, which she shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire and passion of restrained spirit. Yet his mouth was almost regal and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which would have been raised to the forehead, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical clapping of the oars, he would turn his face upon her, and the devoted dweller upon the form of his idol. The bold mental had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden, and the loveliest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince as proud and as wealthy as her own, she had forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave. Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the stately blossoms open to the sun, might have been deceived, and have spoken much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the niggling glances of the youthful prince, and with a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half opened eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts—he lay like a serpent coiled round the throne of his master.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which seemed to have been drawn from the sky, was thick and oppressive, till the perfume which rose in clouds from the old and thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-tops into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A slight distance up, the high, arched, curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill which was covered with rich herbage and crowned by a thick grove of heavy with ripe bananas and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top, in a cloud of their green foliage, impervious almost, to the hot sun, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms, the thick grove, and the hill, which he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless began to tremble and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; and a low, hoarse, hoarse sound, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and quickly darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moore the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Taje remain with her," he commanded, pointing to the hand of the slave who stood behind her. The slave made his salaam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said with a smile, "thou shalt go to gather some of those lilies which spring up from the bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions should I be asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasure."

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The slave bent his turbaned head and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they drew toward the shore. The boat, moored to the bank and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where she seated herself to wait for her companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstraction on the river, when she saw the tops of the palm trees shiver in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again, and the slender branches, cracked as with the force of a strong wind, began to creak and creak, and a huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glittering, his head thrust out a little from the trunk, and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped lilies in the boat. The princess sprang to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood motionless, and while as death; her fingers locked and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleaming from her distended eyes. With a cry, that

lung over the waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and with her face buried in her hands lay quivering in every limb like a dying creature. The old Rajah, lifting "Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting his form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions. "Peace, ingrate, what the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment! As if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and then, half lifting her from the pile of cushions forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palm. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the motionless figure which lay glittering in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and golden buds, and the Brahmin's tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossom beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits, sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budger, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of Benian trees, and with its silken pennants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat, with its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished scales, jeweled crest and neck of scaly gold, sides swelling gently out at the bows, and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together, and forming the stern post. The boat was crowded with a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path bravely through them, leaving long a wake of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl, and its walls with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, and tasselled with silver. Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dyes of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly man, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed, and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hook lay idly between his thin lips, his jeweled neck glittered against his silken vest, and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the clouds, like a cloud of mist, in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robes of crimson and gold were spotted with gold, and were in front, betraying neck of perfect beauty and half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eyes, always calm and full of fire, and her hair, which she shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire and passion of restrained spirit. Yet his mouth was almost regal and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which would have been raised to the forehead, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical clapping of the oars, he would turn his face upon her, and the devoted dweller upon the form of his idol. The bold mental had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden, and the loveliest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince as proud and as wealthy as her own, she had forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave. Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the stately blossoms open to the sun, might have been deceived, and have spoken much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the niggling glances of the youthful prince, and with a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half opened eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts—he lay like a serpent coiled round the throne of his master.

Tuesday, March 25, 1846.

## The Position of Alexander Campbell.

Alexander Campbell, (we drop the important title, reserved, when speaking of one whose name is everywhere familiar), stands in point of position at the head of the large and respectable religious body of Christian Baptists or Disciples. His commanding talents as a popular preacher, lecturer and writer, have secured for him a controlling influence over a great mass of mind in this country. Hence, his neutrality in regard to the agitation of a question, which has aroused the philanthropy of Christendom, on account of its intimate association with the highest interests of the Human Family, has been observed by many with surprise, by a still greater number, with deep regret. Not a few of his admirers have long cherished the hope, that Alexander Campbell would yet entitle himself to a place on the immortal roll whereon are blazoned the deeds of Christian heroism of a Wilberforce and a Clarkson. But, they have been disappointed. The Dark Presence of Slavery has ascended the high places of both Church and State, lifting itself against all that is called God, substituting the will of a worm, for the majesty of Law, the authority of Constitutions, the Faith of Churches, and the Ordinances of God himself; and yet this great reformer, this exponent and advocate of Primitive Christianity, has for the most part, maintained a death-like silence!

Lately, with much interest, we noticed his announcement of purpose to deliver his views upon the subject of American Slavery. We hoped, though in fear, so ingeniously and effectually to state his position, that he was about to deliver his opinion as to the total abolition of a terrible system of human oppression, and that three numbers already appeared in his son-in-law, the youth learned for a moment on his own, and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on the rug, smoking his pipe, as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her. "What have you done?" she asked, "but you are very pale, what is it?" "The palm trees stood lowering in the sunshine, the bark here and there from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and trampled with blood, and a huge boat-constructor lay stretched upon the white sand, mutilated and dead."

## Correspondence.

The following letter from a gentleman residing at New Orleans, to a friend of ours, must have been written after reading Punch.

NEW ORLEANS, March 5, 1845.

"DEAR SIR:—Some time since I had formed the expectation that I should before this have been able to pay the little balance due you. But it seems to me I am one of those who are always promising to do so, and who never do so. I had a great run of business at the commencement of the season, which led me to purchase a place for a summer residence on the sea shore, which I could easily have paid for, but my debt to you has been my business been what it was last year. I can now make no other promise than that I will pay it at the earliest possible date."

"I am happy that you are enjoying so much domestic happiness. I also am greatly blessed with an excellent wife and two interesting children as you have ever seen together."

Respectfully yours,

The best of the joke is, that he made our friend pay just twenty—of course, on this interesting scrap of intelligence!

Occasionally, we receive rather spicy notes from subscribers, who find themselves unexpectedly dropped from our weekly list; but not then an epistle greets us, showing that there is some salt yet in the world.

For example—a warm Whig subscriber at Salem, Ia., writes—

"DR. BAILEY—Yours of the 12th inst., in which I stood expurgated, has come to hand—and now, my dear sir, you can't get rid of me quite so easy as that. You will doubtless recollect that I have been a subscriber to your paper for a long time—almost the whole existence of your paper, and we want leave you now. I am a decided Whig, and sometimes your policy and honor of the institution, and these are not the only reasons, nor modify my Christian obligations. I neither have nor am an apologist for American slavery, a reformer, nor an abolitionist of American slavery. I have no objection to your paper, as long as it is strictly Christian, and I am sure it is the duty of every Christian man to respect it and to offer it no violence whatever. A Christian man, however, is bound to have it unimpaired or modified; but he cannot, as a law-abiding citizen or a Christian, violate or attempt others to violate existing laws without offending his Lord, and becoming obnoxious to his displeasure."

Several positions are here taken by Mr. Campbell. The first is—that in the Christian church at the beginning, there were masters and slaves—the relation was left undisturbed—precepts were given to regulate it; therefore, in the Christian church now, there may be masters and slaves—the relation should be left undisturbed—the precepts to regulate it are enforced—but Christians have no authority to go one step further.

In Mr. Campbell's opinion, then, the Christian church is bound to give its sanction to American Slavery. So the people will understand him. For we have no Hebrew or Roman slavery among us—his remarks, therefore, if they have any meaning, must apply to American slavery. What, then, is American Slavery?

"It annihilates the relations of husband and wife, parent and child. There is no matrimony among slaves. There is no family. By the law of Nature and of Revelation, the husband and wife are bound by bonds, indissoluble from a single cause; by the same law, the wife is bound to honor and obey her husband. American slavery will not permit any such contract. The master disposes of male and female slaves as he pleases—has the authority to prevent the woman from honoring him as she calls, husband, and the man from protecting her as wife. At any moment, for any period, forever, he may separate them. This is not a slave—it is the power lodged in his hands by the law—it is an element of the relation denominated Slavery."

Again—the child by the law of Nature and Revelation is bound to honor and obey its parent—and the parent, to protect, provide for, and train up the child in the way he should go. But, the master is invested with authority to prevent the discharge of these reciprocal duties—virtually to set aside the relation. This is his power. It is an essential element of the relation of slavery. The law creates the relation, and has made this power a constituent element of it.

American slavery takes from the slaves their earnings. A man in good health, at work, earns more than a bare subsistence. All that he earns is his, by the same tenure that his soul is his—his body, his limbs. But, the master is invested by the law which creates slavery, with power to take all these earnings by

force, and appropriate them as he pleases. This is another element of the relation—not an abuse—but an essential element.

WEEKLY HERALD AND PHILANTHROPIST

Wednesday, March 26, 1845.

Cutting Off.

Every week we are cutting off some of our subscribers whose subscriptions are expiring. This is our rule. We shall be pleased to have them renew, but are not anxious. Necessity will oblige us to discontinue our one dollar plan at the close of this volume. We have given it a fair trial: our friends have not. At the close of the year also, we shall enlarge our sheet to mammoth size.

Correspondents.

We have on hand some seventy-five pages of communications, in manuscript. How much of them will see the light, we cannot tell. It would gratify us to oblige all our correspondents, but we cannot do more than we can.

The Herald Publishing Office.

We call the attention of our friends to the following series of papers published at this office.

CINCINNATI MORNING HERALD, issued daily at five dollars a year. It has a good list of subscribers, and a substantial advertising patronage, which is now rapidly increasing. Daily papers of the same price are not to be circulated among the same class of readers as this. It is a paper for many persons, who subscribe to no other papers.

CINCINNATI WEEKLY HERALD, printed on a large double medium sheet, in the ninth year of its existence. It is published weekly, at the price of one dollar a year. It has risen from a list of 2,500 to 10,000 in the last fourteen months. We have taken measures to increase our list to TEN THOUSAND in the course of the year. It is a paper for many persons, who subscribe to no other papers.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The "Facts for the People" is a small monthly periodical, eight pages octavo, in which are inserted such articles, in relation to the slave question, as are desirable for preservation, or for extended circulation. It is a cent number, or 12 cents a year. Subscribers in the city have it delivered to them at the office.

LAST YEAR the list of subscribers amounted to 4,000. The third volume is just about commencing, but by the aid of the new volume, we may form some estimate of the number of copies to be issued.

YOUTH'S MONTHLY VISITOR.—The "Youth's Monthly Visitor" is what its name indicates. The twenty-five hundred subscribers to it know its worth, and will of course renew their subscriptions, which terminate in February. The first number of the second volume will be issued in March. It is printed on a quarto form, embellished every month with appropriate engravings—for the low price of 25 cents a year, always payable in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS in the city have it delivered to them at the office. The subscription price is too low to warrant the employment of a carrier.

For all the foregoing publications, except the Daily, cash payments in advance are rigidly exacted—in every case, the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid, unless the subscription be renewed.

Mr. Mahan's Will.

The widow of Mr. Mahan, requests us to publish the following copy of the will of Mr. Mahan, drawn up when he was in jail in Kentucky.

Washington, Ky. Sept. 26th, 1845.

In the name of God, I, John B. Mahan, Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of Lord and Savior, being now in the 38th year of my age, in prison for the Treasury of the United States, do hereby certify that I am of sound mind and memory, and am able to make a will, and do hereby make this my last will and testament.

I, the said John B. Mahan, do hereby certify that I am of sound mind and memory, and am able to make a will, and do hereby make this my last will and testament.

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St. Louis has a Post Mistress, and Rochester, New York, is likely to have one. We frequently have the pleasure of receiving letters from a post-mistress in Indiana, containing an agreeable assortment of monies. Success to the ladies. This is not a bad way of enlarging the sphere of profitable employment or females.

Heroinism.

The Delaware Journal mentions an instance of heroin devotion, and of courage on the part of a colored man, both of which deserve to be recorded. The house of George P. Fisher, Esq., of Dover, Delaware, caught fire on Monday night in an upper room, where his two children, a boy of four and a girl of two, were sleeping. The females, the only persons in the house, were driven back by the flames. Miss Celia Richards, a sister of Mrs. Fisher, entered the chamber at the peril of her life, brought out one child, returned again for the other, and succeeded in getting it in her arms, but fell suffocated with smoke and heat before she reached the door. By this time a colored man—standing at the entrance of the room—had enough to drag out Miss Richards and the child, both in a state of insensibility; and from that moment no one could enter, though it was supposed that the fire was in the hall, and the fire was extinguished, which was finally with much difficulty effected, after the contents of the room were burnt up.

THE MORMONS.—We learn from Hancock county, Illinois, that considerable apprehension exists of further difficulties with the Mormons. The Mormons, who are now in Hancock county, Illinois, are a sect of the same name as the Mormons in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, eastern Pennsylvania, western New York, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. It is a sect of the same name as the Mormons in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, eastern Pennsylvania, western New York, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

INDIAN POETRY.—Mr. Schoolcraft, in his work on the Red Race of America, gives some simple words of Indian children to the light of the imagination of expression. He says: "In the hot summer evenings, the children of the Chippewa Algonquian, along the shores of the lakes, and in the northern woods, frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with rhymes and wild dancing, sung by a child, and the others respond in chorus, and the whole is a most pleasing and interesting spectacle."

PLANTING WHITE-FIRE.—I have been told that a good deal of white-fire has been planted in the city of New York, and that it is a most dangerous and destructive pest. It is a pest which is very common in the city of New York, and it is a most dangerous and destructive pest. It is a pest which is very common in the city of New York, and it is a most dangerous and destructive pest.

FOREIGN ARRIVAL.—The British ship, the "Cassiopeia," Capt. Jenkins, arrived at her wharf at East Boston at half past 10 o'clock, March 18th. She left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 4th inst., and has accordingly made the passage in less than five days.

THE BRITISH TARIFF REDUCED.—Cotton yarn, linen yarn, and thrown silks are all to be admitted free of duty, and amongst other things we are to have a reduction of the tariff on the United States, particularly silks, turpentine, lead, and lard oil. Of these the last will be particularly acceptable, as it forms an excellent substitute for the oil of the United States.

OUR CINCINNATI FRIENDS, who are now leading a very active and useful life in the city of Cincinnati, are to be congratulated on the success of their mission. They have been very successful in their mission, and they are to be congratulated on the success of their mission.

THE FOREIGN EVENTS of the last two or three weeks possess little interest, if we except Switzerland, where the violence of party conflict has been very much increased by the late election of the Swiss people.

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COMMERCIAL.

Weekly Statement of the Cincinnati Market.

MARCH 26, 1845.

ASHES.—We quote the receiving and selling price of Potash at 30¢ per lb. Sales for export at the rate of 30¢ per lb.

BARKS.—Late sale of Chestnut Oak bark at 60¢ per cord. Beans.—Good White are in demand, and some advance for the larger sizes. We note sales of store at 10¢ per bushel, and 10¢ per bushel.

BREWSW.—As scarce with light receipts. The demand continues good at 25¢ per bushel. BROOMS.—The market is well supplied, but with a limited demand. Prices range from 10¢ to 15¢ per bushel.

BUTTER.—Has not come in very plentifully the past week. In market, fresh lump has been offered at 18¢ per lb. We note sales of store at 10¢ per lb.

COTTON AND COTTON YARNS.—We note a slight decline in both Yarns and Cottons. The former we quote at 10¢ per lb. Sales for export at the rate of 10¢ per lb.

DRUGS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS.—Sales of Quinine at 25¢ per lb. Sales of Indigo at 10¢ per lb. Sales of Saffron at 10¢ per lb.

EGGS.—We note a slight decline in both Yarns and Cottons. The former we quote at 10¢ per lb. Sales for export at the rate of 10¢ per lb.

FLOUR.—We note a slight decline in both Yarns and Cottons. The former we quote at 10¢ per lb. Sales for export at the rate of 10¢ per lb.

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ANOTHER ANTONISHING CURE!

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

TO ITS OWNERS VICTORIES CAREER!

DATE, FEB. 11th, 1845.

Mr. J. W. WISTAR, the proprietor of the famous Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, has been the subject of a most interesting and successful cure.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. This Balsam is a most valuable and successful cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and bronchitis.

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